

The Exploits of Elaine

A Detective Novel and a Motion Picture Drama

By ARTHUR B. REEVE

The Well-Known Novelist and the Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" Stories

Presented in Collaboration With the Pathe Players and the Eclectic Film Company

Copyright, 1914, by the Star Company All Foreign Rights Reserved

SYNOPSIS.

The New York police are mystified by a series of murders and other crimes. The principal clue to the criminal is the warning letter which is sent the victims, signed with a "clutching hand." The latest victim of the mysterious assassin is Taylor Dodge, the insurance president. His daughter, Elaine, employs Craig Kennedy, the famous scientific detective, to try to unravel the mystery. What Kennedy accomplishes is told by his friend, Jameson, a newspaper man. After many fruitless attempts to put Elaine and Craig Kennedy out of the way the Clutching Hand is at last found to be none other than Perry Bennett, Elaine's lawyer and the man she is engaged to marry. Bennett flees to the den of one of his Chinese criminals. The Chinamen forces from Bennett the secret of the whereabouts of \$7,000,000. Then he gives the lawyer a position which will spend animation for months. Kennedy reaches Bennett's side just after he has lost consciousness.

TWENTY-FIRST EPISODE

THE EAR IN THE WALL.

Elaine sat in the library reading one morning when her maid Marie entered, carrying a long pasteboard box, daintily tied with ribbon.

"Some flowers for you, Miss Elaine, I think," she said handing the box to her mistress.

Marie left the room, and Elaine, after contemplating for a moment in keen anticipation what she thought at first was a gift from Craig Kennedy, opened the box. There lay a splendid bunch of long-stemmed red and white roses.

Nestling in the green leaves was a little white note. She picked it up expectantly and tore it open.

Instantly, however, her face blanched. Instead of a billet doux, it was the most fearsome threat yet which the savage Chinese master criminal, Wu Fang, had sent in the vengeful vendetta which he had sworn on account of the loss of the Clutching Hand's millions.

Elaine had scarcely time to exclaim at its dire meaning when Kennedy himself entered.

"Good morning," he greeted cheerfully, then cut the greeting short as he caught the horrified expression on her pretty face. "Why, what's the matter?"

Elaine was too terrified even yet to speak. All she could do was to hand him the note.

The first victim shall be Craig Kennedy or your aunt. You may choose. Place the red roses in the window for your lover, the white for the silver-haired one.

At the end appeared the mysterious sign of the serpent, darting from his fangs a death more than figurative. "Wh—what shall I do?" she appealed.

Craig did not answer directly. He could not. Thoughtfully he walked to the window and gazed out. There was only a dirty, bent cripple standing by the corner selling papers to pedestrians.

Kennedy's forehead wrinkled in thought. He turned and walked back from the window. Mechanically he picked up his hat and cane, then laid down the cane again.

"I must look into this at once," he said, lifting the flowers and putting them back into the box carefully, as if he expected trouble to come of the affair.

"You—you'll be very careful, Craig?" pleaded Elaine, as they left the library and went into the hall.

"I will be—for you," he repeated, with a reassuring smile. "Oh—I forgot my cane."

Quickly he returned to the library, leaving her standing in the hallway. There he had purposely left his stick on the table beside the flowers. He selected some from the bunch of red roses and hastily stuck them in a vase and placed the vase on the window sill. Then he picked up the cane and rejoined Elaine in the hall.

Outside the Dodge house the dirty, bent cripple looked about cautiously out of the corner of his eye. Suddenly he paused as if he had caught sight of a mendicant officer bearing down on him. There on the window sill of the library was a vase of red roses. Hastily he shuffled off on his way.

As fast as his supposedly bent body could straighten itself safely out he hurried downtown with one idea—to reach the secret apartment of Wu Fang, the serpent.

Wu, Long Sin and several other Chinamen were gathered about a table on which was a long oblong oak box. In the cover, which was open, were fastened on the inside two flat spools of silken-covered wire. At each end of the box was placed an ordinary storage battery, and in a compartment between, besides switches and connections, were what looked like six sets of headgear each resembling those worn by wireless operators.

"This," said Wu, holding up a little black disk about as large as a watch, with a dozen or so little perforations in the face, "is the white devil's little mechanical eavesdropper—the telephone—the ear in the wall. By its aid we shall learn all about our enemies, where to strike, when to—"

tered. Almost automatically, at a mere sign from Wu, all the rest of the group disappeared behind screens. "Bring him in," ordered Wu as the servant announced that a visitor was outside. Then, as the cripple entered, spry enough now, he added: "Oh—it is you. Well—anything to report?"

"Red roses," was all that the ex-beggar in his awe at the fierce Chinaman could find words to blurt out.

Wu nodded. "It is well. I will call you again when I need you. You may go," he instructed.

No sooner had he gone than the others reappeared from behind their screens and other hiding places as silently as they had gone.

"You will all follow me," directed Wu, gathering together the paraphernalia and shutting the box. "Here, Tom Ling, carry that box for me—carefully, too."

A moment later Wu left the secret apartment, followed by his henchmen, splitting up inconspicuously as they made their way uptown.

I had come into the laboratory and, not finding Kennedy, had decided to wait there for him.

Perhaps half an hour later he came rushing in, his face clouded with thought and beads of perspiration standing out on his forehead.

"What's the trouble?" I asked anxiously.

"Trouble enough," he replied, flinging off his hat and coat and throwing on his smock, as he related disjointedly between whiles what had happened.

"And now I'm going to prepare for the attack, whatever it may be," he went on, going over briskly to the laboratory table. "Where's that nitrate—oh, here it is."

For the next few minutes he was busily mixing several chemicals while I watched him curiously in silent admiration.

When he had finished he poured one liquid from a tube into an atomizer, then another of the liquids which he had made into a flask.

"Walter," he asked, getting ready to go out and indicating to me to do the same, "I wish you'd bring along that rug over there by my sink."

I placed the rug before our door and he emptied almost half of the contents of the flask on it. Then he entered the laboratory again, taking care not to step on the rug, but over it.

Meanwhile Wu Fang and his lieutenants had proceeded to the basement of our apartment house.

First Wu entered the dark cellar cautiously and beckoned to Long Sin and the other Chinamen to follow.

One of his followers carried the Big Six detectaphone, which he placed on an old rickety table which the janitor, Jensen, sometimes used.

We opened the oak case and began to look about for a place to install the little listening ear by wires that would run up from this cellar hiding place to our apartment above.

"Ugh! Look!" cried one of the Chinamen, pointing toward a corner of the cellar wall.

Wu turned. There was a rat which had run out of a hole, had seen them and scampered quickly across the floor and away safely.

It interested Wu and he walked over to the rat-hole and examined it.

"Wait here," he ordered quickly, leaving his men on guard in the cellar.

It was not very many minutes later that Wu returned to the cellar with a large cardboard box under his arm.

"No one has gone in, master," reported one of the Chinamen.

Wu nodded and turned to another who had been engaged in enlarging the rat-hole in the wall.

"Does it run upstairs?" he asked.

"Yes, master," returned the other.

"Then wait here," ordered Wu, taking up the detectaphone transmitter, the spool of wire and the box.

He left the cellar stealthily and a few minutes later reached the upper hall, which at the time happened to be deserted. Somehow he had obtained a skeleton key which fitted our lock, and with its aid he entered our apartment.

Quickly he looked about the room. Finally his keen judgment told him that the corner by the bookcase was that nearest over the compartment in the cellar in which he had left his lieutenants with the detectaphone.

Wu Fang had a method of wiring in the detectaphone that was all his own. He went over to the corner and drew from his capacious blouse a chisel with which he ripped back a section of the baseboard. After he had removed it he made a little hole in the plaster and laths on the wall.

Next he drew on a pair of thick gloves and carefully reached into the pasteboard box. From it he drew a ferret.

This ferret wore a small leather harness around his shoulders. To this harness Wu attached one end of the wire from the spool, and made sure that the spool would unwind readily.

Then he reached into his pocket and drew out a rat. As he held them, one in each hand, he let the ferret get a good look and smell of the rat as it squeaked in fright.

Finally he pushed the rat into the hole in the plaster which he had made, and an instant later, loosed the ferret after it, as if on a leash of wire. There Wu stood paying out the wire as the ferret scampered after the scared rat.

Wu faithfully paid out the wire, hoping for the result he had calculated carefully.

At last the tugging at the spool of wire ceased. Three sharp jerks told him he had succeeded. Then Wu set the transmitter in the hole in the wall close up to the baseboard, which he had replaced.

Perhaps half an hour after our return into the laboratory after Kennedy had soaked the mat, he decided after much deliberation to attempt to carry the war into the enemy's country. We left the laboratory, he to seek some clue, I to go down to the Star, where I had a little work to do.

Kennedy had scarcely bidden me good-by and turned out of the campus on the avenue, when he happened to see a face in the crowd which interested him.

It was that of the woman who had posed as Elaine—Innocent Inez. He paused a moment as she went by and gazed after her. She had not seen him. This was too good an opportunity to miss. He turned and followed her to the Mandarin, a chop joint.

"Is the master in?" she whispered to the proprietor.

"No," he replied, "but Long Sin is in the other place."

A short time afterward, as they still talked, Kennedy after pausing outside the chop joint, decided to enter.

While Inez and Sam were engaged in earnest conversation he sat down at a table near by with his back to them.

As nearly as he could make out, there was a room somewhere which was at least one headquarters of Long Sin, if not Wu himself. But it was too risky to remain.

Around on Park row again, he stopped in a drug store where there was a telephone booth and called up the agency whose operatives he had frequently employed on routine matters like shadowing.

"Can you send Chase down here immediately?" he asked, giving the address of the Dodge house that Elaine re-

turned to the library, still thinking about the note which she had received with the flowers. As she entered she hardly noticed that both Marie and Jennings were there.

She had scarcely awakened from her day dream in which she was walking, as it were, when her quick eye caught sight of the vase of red roses on the window sill.

"Who put those flowers there?" she demanded of the astounded butler and maid, as she dashed them to the floor.

Neither of them, naturally, knew a thing about it. Nor did Aunt Josephine, who happened to pass through the room at the moment.

"Oh, I must see him—I must," cried Elaine excitedly, as she hurried out for her wraps. "Who knows what may have happened?"

We returned to our apartment, chagrined, after our flat failure to capture either Long Sin or even get evidence against Wu.

As we entered the apartment, Craig dropped into a chair, seething to himself. I watched him in gloomy sympathy. Suddenly his face brightened.

"What do you think they—"

He cut me short with his finger on his lips, pantomiming silence. Instead of answering me he wrote on a slip of paper and handed it to me:

"There must be a detectaphone in this room. Talk about the weather—anything—while I locate it."

Finally Craig went over to his desk and took out a small piece of apparatus.

He placed a peculiar telephonelike contrivance attached to one end of it up to his ear. He adjusted the magnet and carried the thing carefully about the room.

Suddenly he paused and his face wrinkled. He stooped down and made

"Fine work, Chase," complimented Craig, seizing the receiver. "Hello—police headquarters? Connect me with the Elizabeth street station, please."

He waited impatiently. "Sergeant," he shouted, "this is Kennedy, Craig Kennedy. You remember I dropped in there a few minutes ago and told you I was on the trail of something. Well, I've got it. The place is over the Mandarin. Have it raided at once and we'll get them. Not the Mandarin—the side entrance, one flight up."

He hung up the receiver. "Come, Walter," he cried. "You and Chase can help me now."

While we hurried downtown the police were being detailed for the raid and the patrol wagon was still waiting for the squad.

We drove up in a taxicab just as the wagon swung around the corner. Almost as soon as we, the police were at the side door. Two of them rushed the Mandarin and arrested the taciturn proprietor. The rest battered down the door of the room.

It was bare.

As we looked about in astounded chagrin, I saw a sign on the wall. "Look—what's that?" I exclaimed.

It read mockingly, "FOR RENT."

But underneath was that mystic coiled reptile, ready to spring, with fangs extended—the sign of the serpent!

Wu Fang had already plugged in the six receivers of the detectaphone and, though we did not know it, was eagerly listening with the others down in the cellar as Kennedy gave his orders for the raid.

"Tom," muttered Wu, "you must get down there at once."

Inez and Long Sin had scarcely had time to enjoy half a dozen luxurious whiffs before the secret rapping sounded at the door. Long Sin opened it and Tom, usually imperturbable, almost rushed in.

"The master—has learned—the police—raid—here," he announced, breathlessly.

Wu Fang had outwitted us and saved both Long Sin and Inez by the marvelous little eavesdropper.

It was some time after Kennedy left the Dodge house that Elaine re-

marked with a pencil on the baseboard. It was at that moment that Elaine's car stopped outside the apartment.

"Oh," she cried with an eager sigh of relief at seeing Kennedy all right, as she almost ran toward him. "I'm so glad you—"

She stopped short as Craig motioned to her to be silent. She did not understand, and for the moment stopped nonplused, as he picked up a pencil and began to write on a pad instead of meeting her advance.

An instant later her mobile face looked up at him in wonder as she read:

"Every word we say is being overheard through a detectaphone in the hall. Don't be surprised at anything I say."

Then he walked deliberately over to the wall near which the instrument was concealed and leaned down to insure his words being heard distinctly by those listening.

"I am going over to the laboratory for an hour," he said in a loud, distinct tone. "Jameson, will you escort Miss Dodge home?"

"Why, certainly," I replied with alacrity.

A moment later we all left the room, chatting in forced tones about a hundred inconsequential things. Craig banged the door.

But before we left he reached into his pocket and took out the flask and atomizer which I had seen him place there. He poured the contents of the flask on the rug.

I accompanied Elaine to her car and we drove away while Kennedy left the apartment on foot.

Downstairs, Wu Fang had been listening at the other end of the detectaphone.

Their attention was soon at fever heat when Elaine entered our rooms. Wu, Long Sin and the others listened breathlessly.

The Chinamen waited until they heard us go out. Wu then handed Long Sin a vial and a key. "You understand?"

"Yes, master," nodded Long Sin with an evil leer.

He hastily climbed the stairs from the cellar to our apartment. For a few seconds he stood on the rug as he inserted the skeleton key in the lock. Then, swinging the door open cautiously he entered. He looked about a minute. The apartment was empty.

Slowly Long Sin walked over to the table and began examining the articles on it. Finally he picked up Kennedy's pipe, and again his inscrutable face lighted with diabolical joy.

He took the vial quickly from his pocket, and, with a small, soft brush painted the mouthpiece of the pipe with the liquid from the vial.

He laid the pipe down as he found it and beat a hasty retreat.

We had scarcely time to drive to Elaine's house when a message reached us from Kennedy directing us to return and meet him several squares below our apartment.

We did so immediately. There was Kennedy with Chase and three or four policemen.

"In ten minutes I want you to raid the apartment," he said, looking at his watch. "I am going in there now."

He entered the building and, as he opened our own door, drew a gun, kicking the door open and retreating a step. No one was there and he went in.

Craig looked about a moment. On the surface, nothing had been disturbed. He went through the bedrooms. Nothing was disturbed there.

Slowly he went back again to the doorway, all the time careful not to step on the rug. Starting near it, he began spraying the floor with the atomizer.

It was one of his own inventions, which he called a "photo-mat."

As the spray fell on the carpet and hardwood it developed Long Sin's footprints exactly.

Carefully Kennedy followed them as the chemicals brought them out. Long Sin had not walked around the room much, evidently, as Craig advanced slowly along the floor, still spraying. As each step came out it was apparent that Long Sin had done little else but go to the table and then leave.

Craig looked at the table a moment. There seemed to be nothing on it that would attract a man of Long Sin's talents. Mechanically, Craig picked up his pipe lying there and looked at it contemptively. He sniffed at the mouthpiece. There was a peachstone smell.

"Cyanide," he muttered to himself under his breath, laying the pipe down gingerly.

For a moment he thought, then a sudden impulse seemed to seize him. His mind was made up. He moved closer to the marked baseboard. Suddenly he uttered a sharp cry.

"Hello—central! Help! Help! I'm poisoned!"

At the same time he struck the wall a blow as though he were falling.

Down in the cellar the six Chinamen looked at each other in unfeigned delight as they heard the call for help. Quickly Wu pulled the detectaphone receiver off his head.

"Here—take this," he ordered Long Sin, handing him a paper which he drew from under his blouse.

Long Sin took it and looked at it with a smile of satisfaction. He understood. On the paper was drawn Wu's sign of the serpent, with fangs striking viciously and victoriously.

Beckoning to another of the Chinamen, Long Sin went out and upstairs.

Meanwhile Craig, who had been listening at the door expecting some such incursion, heard Long Sin approaching. He seated himself in a

chair, sprawling out rigidly, eyes closed.

Without waiting, Long Sin and his servant entered stealthily. The Chinaman stood in the doorway and Long Sin slowly crept over to Kennedy's chair.

As he reached down to pin the sign of the serpent on Kennedy's apparently lifeless body, Craig seemed suddenly to come to life. He seized Long Sin and they struggled fiercely, while Craig, freeing one hand, whipped out his automatic and fired sideways at the Chinaman in the doorway.

The Chinaman fell, lay there a moment, then raised himself up and with fast ebbing strength managed to crawl out of the doorway and down the hall.

It was a death grapple between Craig and the wily Long Sin. At last they had each other face to face. But it was unequal. Short and sharp came the moves.

Craig had in his pocket a newly invented pair of handcuffs which snapped automatically over first one and then the other of Long Sin's bony wrists. Then he pressed the bracelets tighter until even Long Sin winced.

As Craig stood panting over his prisoner, the wounded Chinaman staggered downstairs until he almost fell into the cellar.

"Master," he gasped. "He is—alive!" The mere hint of Kennedy's name

invoked God's reward for Pellagra Cure

Jumbo, Va.—J. H. Satterwhite writes: "I want to thank you for what you have done for me. You have cured my wife. God bless you in your work. I hope some day to see you; if I never see you I hope to meet you in heaven. God will reward you for your grand and noble work."

There is no longer any doubt that pellagra can be cured. Don't delay until it is too late. It is your duty to consult the resourceful Baughn.

The symptoms—hands red like sunburn, skin peeling off, sore mouth, the lips, throat and tongue a flaming red, with mucus and choking; indigestion and nausea, either diarrhoea or constipation.

There is hope; get Baughn's big Free book on Pellagra and learn about the remedy for Pellagra that has at last been found. Address American Compounding Co., box 2086, Jasper, Ala., remembering money is refunded in any case where the remedy fails to cure.—Adv.

Fiction.

"What kind of fiction does Fleeceer write?"

"Mainly promissory notes and I O U's."—Boston Evening Transcript.

To Drive Out Malaria And Build Up The System

Take the Old Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking, as the formula is printed on every label, showing it is Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out malaria, the Iron builds up the system. 50 cents. Adv.

The Usual Thing.

Singleton—Does your wife listen when you attempt to give her good advice?

Wederly—Yes, she listens—but that's all.

HANDS LIKE VELVET

Kept So by Daily Use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

On retreating soak hands in hot Cuticura soap, dry and rub the Ointment into the hands some minutes. Wear bandage or old gloves during night. This is a "one night treatment" for red, rough, chapped and sore hands. It works wonders.

Sample each free by mail with 32-p. Skin Book. Address Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

What It Does.

"There's nothing like adversity to bring a man out."

"Yes, out at the elbows."

Just the Man.

"There is an eastern potentate who would be even better than a Panama expert to conduct this fly-killing campaign."

"Who is that?"

"The Akhond of Swat."

Caught.

"What a pretty hat Mrs. Pinkey wore this evening."

"Did you like it, dear?"

"Yes, it was very becoming. Why don't you get hats like that?"

"You mustn't blame me if I laugh, John. The hat you like is my hat. Mrs. Pinkey borrowed it this evening. It's the \$30 hat you called a fright."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Why She Went to Church.

A devout old lady had become very deaf, and, as her church was some distance from her home, decided to attend another one, which was nearer.

She spoke to the minister of the second church about it, and was cordially received and urged to come whenever possible.

"Ah, well," she said, "all churches lead to heaven, and as I have grown deaf and cannot hear any of the sermon I thought I would attend your church."

GET POWER

The Supply Comes From Food.

If we get power from food, why not strive to get all the power we can. That is only possible by selecting food that exactly fits the requirements of the body.

"Not knowing how to select the right food to fit my needs, I suffered grievously for a long time from stomach trouble," writes a lady from a little Western town.

"It seemed as if I would never be able to find out the sort of food that was best for me. Hardly anything that I could eat would stay on my stomach. Every attempt gave me heart-burn and filled my stomach with gas. I got thinner and thinner until I literally became a living skeleton and in time was compelled to keep to my bed."

"A few months ago I was persuaded to try Grape